

Take the Edge Off

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Take the Edge Off

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

Nigel gets off work early. He decides to surprise Adam, but Adam ends up surprising Nigel instead.

Notes

I'll keep writing stuff about showers and bathtubs until I die and no one can stop me amen

Nigel was home earlier than usual. He hadn't wanted to be there, anyway, so he jumped at the opportunity to ditch work and come back to the angel he knew was waiting for him.

He'd thought about calling ahead, warning Adam that he was coming home sooner than expected. But in the end, he decided against it. Adam is just too fun to surprise. It's his eyes, how they get all wide and he stars blinking like he he can't process what's in front of him. Adorable.

So he turns the key to their apartment nice and slow, creeping into the living room. Adam is usually here when Nigel gets off work, curled up with a book and smiling up at him when he opens the door. He's nowhere to be found right now, though.

Nigel stalks through the quiet home, slipping his shoes off so that he remains undetected, searching for evidence of his boyfriend around every corner. Eventually, he hears the telltale sound of water being displaced in the bathroom. A gentle *slosh*, telling him that Adam is in the bath. Nigel reaches out to the barely-cracked door, ready to shove it open and pounce—

"Mmm..."

He freezes, immediately going hot under the collar. As Nigel draws nearer to the door, he can hear a muffled humming sound. He smirks.

Gently, he nudges the bathroom door an inch or two further. The heat hits him in a sudden blast, letting out the heavy, humid air within. The mirror is fogged over, plumes of steam rising from the surface of the tub.

Adam is half-submerged, his willowy body peaking in and out of the water. One of his legs is hooked over the lip of the tub, his toes dangling above the bath mat. Flexing, curling.

"Ahh..."

He's flushed red from the neck down, from the heat or from pleasure or both. His head is tipped back, lips parted as heavy, wet breaths pass between them. Brows furrowing over his closed eyes, he catches his lower lip beneath his teeth and bites.

Gripped tightly in one of Adam's hands is the handle of a blue magic wand. It's buzzing away, the bulb of it firmly pressed between Adam's legs. Nigel watches hungrily as Adam arches into the vibrations, sending a bit of hot water trickling onto the floor. Adam moans again, softly.

Fuck.

"God, you're fucking beautiful."

Sweet Adam nearly jumps out of his skin. More water gets splashed onto the tiles, Adam sitting up and drawing his leg back into the tub abruptly. He's spluttering, face turning even redder than before, fumbling with the buttons on the vibrator until the thing finally stops buzzing. His eyes are big and blinking, just like Nigel was hoping for.

"N-Nigel!" Adam says at last. "I— you're not supposed to—" He swallows. He's so fucking cute. "Why aren't you at work?"

Nigel grins, shouldering his way into the bathroom and approaching the tub. "I got off," he replies, gesturing toward the toy in his boyfriend's hand. "Looks like you had the same idea."

Adam looks down at the water, uncharacteristically sheepish. Well, nobody likes being caught in the act. "I wasn't expecting you to be home so soon," he mumbles.

That piques his curiosity. Nigel's cock, already hard from seeing Adam playing with himself, twitches insistently. "This part of your routine, angel?" he prods, and he kneels beside the tub. "You like to have a little fun while Nigel's not around?"

"It's not like that," Adam says quickly. "I have plenty of fun, when you're here, you know that. And it's not every day. I do like to take a bath most nights, but I don't always masturbate."

Nigel smiles at his boyfriend's unfailing honesty. Reaching over the water, he grabs the toy's handle where it's still clutched in Adam's grip.

"Well, don't stop on my account," Nigel purrs, and presses the power button.

Adam watches him for a moment, almost wary.

"Come on, baby. Let me help you unwind."

The younger man licks his lips, slowly returning to his reclined position. "Okay," he says softly, and his knees part until they're pressed against either side of the tub.

Nigel smirks, looking down at Adam's flushed cunt. Hissing at the scalding water, he reaches in to pet over the other man's folds. The bath washes away any slickness before it can properly gather, but he can feel how Adam tenses and shudders at even the gentlest touch from Nigel's rough fingers.

"So sensitive... You were close, before I interrupted you, weren't you baby?" he asks, dragging his fingers over Adam's clit. It's swollen, twitching as Nigel circles it with one fingertip. Whimpering, Adam nods.

Nigel presses a second button on the wand, and the toy whirrs to life again in his hand. Without wasting any more time, he spreads Adam's lips with his free hand and places the bulb against the base of the younger man's clit.

One of Adam's hands moves to cover his own mouth, muffling the eager groan that bubbles out of him. Adam's eyes flutter closed, his hips almost immediately shifting to find more sensation. The wand catches the surface of the water, rippling and splashing softly to add to the heated sounds echoing in the bathroom.

Nigel takes Adam's wrist, pulling it away from where it was clamped over the younger man's lips. Adam mewls into it when Nigel kisses him, passionate and messy. He's all tongue and teeth, and Adam thrills in response. Nigel catches Adam's tongue between his own lips,

sucking on it while Adam cries out and bucks into the vibrator. When Nigel releases him, Adam whines urgently.

"Close," he gasps, pawing at the front of Nigel's shirt. He clutches a damp fistful, squirming while the wand buzzes sinfully between his legs. "C-Close, Nigel, please."

Nigel catches him in another hungry kiss, blindly thumbing one of the wand's buttons until the pitch and volume of the vibrations climb to match Adam's pulse. Adam pants between clumsy meetings of wet mouths, quick and desperate. Nigel's so hard it aches, watching his angel fall to pieces like this.

Adam throws his head back when he comes, and Nigel darts in to mouth at his slender throat. He sucks a bruise into Adam's neck as the younger man convulses beneath him, one of his legs kicking out as he rides the high of his orgasm. The water is rolling in unsteady waves, shifting around Adam while he writhes and keens and spasms.

"That's it, baby," Nigel murmurs, lips barely leaving Adam's wet skin. "So good. Fucking perfect."

Adam flinches a few moments later, whimpering at the intensity of the vibrations on his oversensitive clit. He tries to weakly push the toy away, but he only really succeeds at nudging Nigel's hand. Taking pity on him, Nigel presses the wand's power button.

It takes a few seconds for the tension in Adam's muscles to finally melt, but then he practically collapses in the water. His chest rises and falls heavily, his lips kiss-swollen as he gulps in breaths. For a while, both men are silent. Adam nearly seems like he's fallen asleep, Nigel simply kneeling there, watching.

"...There's water all over the floor," Adam mumbles, somehow managing to sound blissful and annoyed at the same time.

It draws a sudden laugh from Nigel's chest. Fuck, he loves this man. "It's just water, doll, I'll mop it up in a sec."

Adam just takes a long, slow breath, too relaxed to make more of a fuss about it. Or about anything, really. Adam can be so tightly wound, it's nice to see him so lax. "Okay," he sighs, and reaches for the knob to refill the tub.

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